In the Dark

By GERVEISE FLOYD

They were old, humble, but heartsome people of the old-fashioned kind, simple in their lives, and love and friendship were exemplified as natural, earnest emotions, devoid of guile. The young folks had their social gatherings, parties, barn dances and husking bees, custom and mild superstitions, like Hallowe'en fiction lending a charm to especial occasions. Quite in the course of events each Darby found his Joan, and at last Rodney Trumbull was sure he had discovered his.

There was not a sweeter or prettier girl in Rockton than Ivy Lane, and Rodney had known her for about a year. The parents of both smiled indulgently upon the manifest mutual sentiments of the couple. Rodney regarded Ivy as a being ethereal. He was so imbued with a sense of her priceless perfection that he grew abashed when he dared to hope he was to gain the love of this peerless creature, naturally of a shy nature, he had made little progress in his lovemaking.

There was to be a party at the home of Ivy, and about a week before that Rodney saw her home from a church social. As they were about to part at the garden gate he mustered up the courage to disclose what had been urgently upon his mind for many hours.

"Ivy," he said, "when I come to the party at your house next Wednesday, I want you to accept a little keepsake from me. Will you?"

"But you gave me a lovely bouquet of roses only yesterday and—"

"But this isn't roses. I want to give you a ring."

"Oh, Rodney—shocking!" laughed Ivy.

"It's coming from the city, where I have ordered it, and if you will only wear it on your engagement finger—"

"There is mother calling. Good night, Rodney," and Ivy flitted away, probably happier than she had ever been in her life.

"She did not say she wouldn't accept the ring," breathed Rodney courageously, and counted the hours till the arrival of the evening party. Ivy received him with a gracious smile that set every nerve tingling, but as the hostess of the evening she could give him no further exclusive attention. A Miss Lisle fell to his charge, partly through the efforts of the young lady in question to make it so, and in all courtesy Rodney found himself settled as partner and escort for the occasion to that flashing beauty from the city, temporarily visiting a married sister in Rockton.

Miss Lisle was a siren in a mild way. While she despised what she termed the crude social ways of Rockton, she set herself up as a desperate flirt, and had half the girls by the ears because of her audacious appropriation of their beaux. Now it seemed that she had set about the conquest of Ivy's poor lone lamb, who, although thus singled out by the brilliant queen of beauty, longed only for one moment's sweet converse with the real idol of his heart.

At last Rodney, watching his chance, saw Ivy dart through the doorway of a darkened wing room to reach the front hall as there were some arrivals. Rodney hastened into the unlit apartment. He clutched an escaping figure.

"The ring!" he whispered ardently. "Here it is. You will make me so happy to wear it on your engagement finger."

The yielding form fluttered in his arms.

"You—you wouldn't kiss me, would you?" he added in wild desperation.

A pair of lips met his own. He seemed in paradise. Voices neared. They parted precipitately. Rodney hastened back to a crowded room and sank to a chair, feeling as if the world had been won. He was in such a state of rhapsody that he wished to be alone. He looked up with a shock. He made out Ivy, and smiled at her. She seemed to turn her back on him. She was speaking to Miss Lisle, who was animatedly flourishing a ring on her engagement finger, and glancing knowingly in the direction of Rodney.

The latter was crushed. He realized the truth in a flash. He had not met and kissed Ivy in the dark, but oh; fatal blunder, Miss Lisle. She came toward him now in her artful way of gracefulness.

"I have just been telling our dear mutual friend, Miss Lane, of your pretty present," she said. "And oh! Mr. Trumbull, I promised sister to be home by eleven, and it is now nearly midnight. Won't you see to my wraps," and almost without realizing it Rodney was bustled out of the house and Miss Lisle was languishly hanging on his arm, prattling pretty nothings in the mellow moonlight.

He hated himself as an arrant coward as he left Miss Lisle at the door of her sister's home. She was a flashing flame of coquetry, she plainly considered that they were engaged, she insisted on his joining herself and her friends in an auto drive the next afternoon.

"I will tell her plainly of the error she is laboring under. And I must see Ivy!" resolved Rodney. But when he rang at the door bell of the Lane home the next day, Mrs. Lane received him coldly and stated that Ivy was indisposed. As Rodney went out of the yard Ivy's father stepped up to him.

"Mr. Trumbull," he said sternly. "I don't know what you have said or done to hurt my girl's feelings, but you'll either mend them or stay away from here after this."

Rodney made one final but unsuccessful effort to reach Ivy. He went to the office of a cousin of hers, who called Ivy up on the telephone and then passed the receiver to Rodney.

"It's me, Ivy," began Rodney, tumultuously. "And I want to explain—"

The air became void. Ivy had hung up the receiver.

Rodney walked aimlessly in the direction of the river. He sat down on a fallen tree and stared gloomily at the bubbling waters. A shadow caused him to look up. The old siren-like, half scornful smile habitual with her upon her lips, Miss Lisle addressed him.

"And why are you so engrossed in deep meditation, my loyal knight errant," she gibed.

"I was thinking of jumping into the river and ending it all," bluntly declaimed Rodney.

"Ending what?"

"My cowardice, my wretched poltroonly!" he blazed forth. "It was all a mistake. My kissing you."

"I know," calmly pronounced Miss Lisle. "Listen, my friend; I am going to leave Brocton for my city home tomorrow. You shall be free from the leal service I have so cruelly commanded. I fear I am a heartless jade and coquetry my bane. In the superficial city my wiles harm little. Here, among good, honest souls, it is wicked. I am ashamed of myself."

"And Why Are You So Engrossed?"

"But Ivy," began Rodney, "and the ring?"

She showed him that it was no longer on her hand.

"Come with me," she said, "and I will show you where it is now."

He was puzzled, dejected, hopeful, all at the same time. A stranger to feminine wiles, he did not seem to fathom the variable caprices of the whimsical beauty except by following her dumbly.

She led him to her sister's home, and to the door of its parlor room.

"You will find the ring in there—where it belongs," she said. "I fancied it fine to make sport of a bumpkin lover. Believe me, I have sunk far in my own estimation."

She opened the door, and he saw Ivy. And upon her finger—and on the engagement one—was the ring, and the siren's reparation was complete. And Ivy put both her hands in his, and there they stood, blissful.

DEPOTS COVER MANY ACRES

Largest Railway Station in the United Kingdom Is Waterloo—Others of Large Size.

The distinction of being the largest railway station in the United Kingdom belongs to Waterloo, the terminus of the London and South-Western railway. This station covers an area of 24½ acres, and has 23 platforms, including two belonging to the Bakerloo railway. The longest platform measures 720 feet, and nearly 1,100 trains arrive and depart daily.

Waverly station, Edinburgh, with 19 platforms, the longest of which is 1,680 feet in length, covers 18 acres; whilst other stations which lay claim to distinction on account of their size are Liverpool street, 18 platforms; Clapham Junction and Glasgow (Central), 17 platforms; Victoria and Crewe, 16 platforms; Euston, Birmingham (New street), and Newcastle (Central), 15 platforms.

Waverly station does not stand alone in the possession of a platform over 1,000 feet in length. Victoria and Crewe have platforms measuring 1,500 feet and 1,500 feet respectively, while at Newcastle (Central) and York stations there are platforms 1,389 feet and 1,480 feet in length.

One thousand seven hundred and thirty trains either pass through or stop at Clapham Junction every 24 hours.

Keep Busy.

Flatbush—I'm afraid I'll get stale on my garden work during the winter.

Bensonhurst—For why? Haven't you got a snow shovel?

Cinderella's Diary

By HILDA MORRIS

The girl was very young and pretty, but she looked tired. John Arnold, sitting opposite her in the street car, noticed her closed eyes and general air of fatigue. She was eighteen or nineteen years old, he decided, or perhaps twenty. She had a lovely oval face, framed with waves of bright hair, and she looked like a lady in spite of her rather shabby, inexpensive clothes. There was something very attractive about her.

John did not realize that he was staring at the girl until she opened her eyes. She opened them suddenly, as if she had felt his gaze through her closed lids. And she looked directly at him. It was a very impersonal look, casual and a little questioning, perhaps, yet it did a very curious thing to John Arnold. It made him feel very young, or very happy, or very glad of something; he could not analyze the feeling exactly, but at least it was different from anything he had ever experienced before. Perhaps it was because the girl's eyes were so luminous a gray, and so deeply fringed with black. They were very unusual eyes. They closed again, however, almost at once. It was as though she had given him a glimpse of something too precious to be wasted. The car jolted on and the girl still sat with her curling lashes resting on her pale cheek. She was evidently very tired.

"A schoolgirl, perhaps, or else she is taking a course in a business college," John decided, noting her pile of books. "They work hard, too, those girls. She looks as if she needed country air and a good long rest."

The car emptied itself, street by street, until there were few people left besides John and the girl of the curling lashes. As a matter of fact John had passed his street, but for some reason he had forgotten to get off. The tired-looking girl still sat with her eyes closed, resting. But at length she roused herself with a start and got off hurriedly at a noisy street lined with high apartments. John could see her hastening along in the chill dusk, the collar of her thin coat held high about her throat.

It was not until they had gone on some distance that he noticed the book. It lay directly at his feet, a cloth covered "Record" such as people use in offices. It was one of those books the girl had carried. John had particularly noticed its businesslike appearance. He picked it up curiously, and opened to the front page. A school notebook, no doubt, or office accounts. Perhaps it might contain the girl's address, so that he could return it.

The first page, however, dispelled this theory. Across it was printed, in a careful hand:

"Dorothy May Douglas. Her Diary."

Of course John Arnold should not have read the diary, yet its neat pages looked so alluring, and, after all, he thought, it might contain the address. She would want it returned; people do not like to lose such precious things as diaries. So that evening after dinner John settled down in his comfortable bachelor living room and guiltily scanned the pages of the little book.

"Monday—A hard day at the office. Miss Coleman is so difficult to please. When I get to be head of an office force I shall try to make them like me. I'll be nice to girls that have headaches, and I'll never, never speak so sharply that I make them want to cry. Oh, well, I hope I'll never be head of an office. I'd rather have a cottage with white muslin curtains and red geraniums in the window and keep a cat.

"Tuesday—Stupid day at the office. But I saw the loveliest silk dress in a store window as I was coming home. It was just exactly what I would choose, blue with gold embroidery. If I were Cinderella I'd write to my fairy godmother and tell her to bring me a dress just like that for the ball. Perhaps I am a sort of Cinderella, but there isn't any fairy godmother or any prince.

"Wednesday—It was dreadfully cold in the office today. Miss Coleman likes the cold. And now there isn't enough heat in my room tonight, either. I wish I were Cinderella; at least she had a fire to sit by."

In spite of the warnings of his conscience as a gentleman, John skimmed other pages, all pathetic with sordid details of work, wistful with girlish longings.

"I'm invited to a party," read the very last page of all. "A really truly party. It isn't a ball like Cinderella's, and no prince has invited me, but it will be a very grand affair. It's at Mrs. Colton Curtis' house, a dance she is giving for her daughter. I don't know why she invited me. She and mother were school friends, but there are such miles between us now, miles of different circumstances, I mean! I've never met the daughter, but I'm sure she wouldn't care for me. I'm not one of the well-dressed, expensive-looking girls whom she associates with. And I haven't anything to wear. Girls can't go to parties in blue serge skirts and shirtwaists. Whatever shall I do?"

John Arnold closed the book with a little sigh. Why should a girl like that, eager and young and charming, have to work and long for the shimmery things that other girls had, all the pink and frivolous things that are the trailing clouds of girlhood! This girl in particular.

Quite suddenly John's eyes fell on an envelope which had dropped from the little book.

"Miss Dorothy May Douglas, 634 Pleasant Avenue."

Cinderella's address! John looked at it, and abruptly the vague plan which he had been forming in his mind became a firm resolve. He would be the fairy godmother himself.

It happened that Mrs. Colton Curtis was John's aunt, and after much deliberation he decided to take her into his confidence. Mrs. Curtis was a lady with a love for whatever was unusual and romantic, so she delightedly "cut" an appointment with her own modiste to spend the next morning shopping with her nephew. Her ideas were as lavish as the most exacting fairy godmother could have desired. She bought filmy lingerie, silk hose, gold slippers that could be exchanged if too large for Cinderella's fairy feet, and to crown all, a blue silk dress with gold embroidery. Her purchases were packed in a huge box and addressed to Miss Douglas, but inside John put the missing diary, and a mysterious card—"To Cinderella From Her Fairy Godmother."

After the box had been sent John found himself in a flurry of impatience to see Cinderella again, at the party. He wondered what she had thought when she received the box, how she would look in the new clothes—

She looked all that the fairy godmother or the prince could have desired. Her hair, seen without a hat, was as gold as the tiny slippers. The blue silk dress made her mysterious eyes look blue, too, and the pale oval of her face was rosy with delight and happiness and wonder and a great many other pleasurable emotions. Moreover, she danced well. John, who danced with her most of the evening, found himself unable to look at any other girls. When she was tired he found a secluded nook in the conservatory and they sat together, a little silent now that they were for the first time alone.

"Do you know," Cinderella said abruptly, "I've seen you before."

"Have you? Where?"

"On the street car, one night. That was the night I lost my diary, too—"

She was silent, her eyes fixed on the distant vista of the ballroom. John's pulses were jumping guiltily.

"Your diary?" he questioned.

"Yes. Someone found it and sent it back, with—things. If it hadn't been for that I shouldn't be here now."

"No?"

"You see, I'm not really this—kind of a girl. I work, in an office. And I shouldn't have had these clothes, only the person who found my diary must have felt sorry for me or something. Anyway, she sent me things to wear to this party. Just like Cinderella and the fairy godmother. I wonder who it could have been."

John was silent.

"I'm telling you this," she went on, "because I thought you might have noticed. Were there any old ladies near us in the car that day—nice, godmotherly old ladies?"

He shook his head, and Cinderella sighed a little.

"It's almost twelve," she said. "I mustn't forget that I'm Cinderella and have to work tomorrow. I must go."

"Oh, no," he begged. "If you are Cinderella, with a fairy godmother, you must have a prince too. I wonder if—if I could be the prince?"

"You?—Oh—"

"We'll have a house with white muslin curtains and red geraniums in the windows—"

"How did you know about that?" she cried, startled. "It couldn't have been you who found the diary—"

"I didn't mean to tell, Cinderella. You see, I'd so much rather be the prince—"

"Oh, well," she said softly. "If you'd rather—I think I should like it best that way, too. I should think I was dreaming, but the clock struck twelve and my dress hasn't turned back to blue serge—"

"It never shall," he promised. "Never, never, never as long as you live! We'll go ahead and live the rest of Cinderella's story, the part that never was written, and it's going to be the very best part of all."

Drama and Comedy.

M. Sardou, the famous French dramatist, when once asked the difference between a drama and a comedy, said:

"The distinction is very simple. In a drama the plot turns on a murder; in a comedy, on a marriage. The question is, in a comedy, whether the marriage will take place or not; and, in a drama, whether the murder will be accomplished. There will be a marriage, there will be a murder; this is the first act. There will be no marriage or no murder; this is the second act. A new incident happens, a new manner of killing or marrying; that is the third act. An obstacle arises which prevents the killing or marrying; that is the fourth act. In the fifth act the marriage or the murder is consummated or accomplished, because everything must have an end."

Always Removed the Water.

The discovery that the removal of water naturally present in foods would arrest decomposition was made many years ago. The ancient Indians and the savage tribes of Africa are known to have dried their surplus meat supplies so that they might not be in want when game was scarce or hunting difficult. Egyptian tradition called for the placing of food in the tombs alongside the dead, and it is said that dried kernels of grain more than 6,000 years old when discovered in the tombs in our time, yielded perfect grain upon planting.

WORLD LEAGUE OF PEACE EXPECTED

SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY GREAT RESULT OF THE WAR THAT CAN BE PREDICTED.

FIERY WORDS FROM KENYON

Iowa Senator Declares No One Will Want to Buy German Goods After Conflict Has Ended—King Deplores Political Heresies.

By ARTHUR W. DUNN.

Washington.—If the ideas of President Wilson and Lloyd-George prevail, one outcome of the great war will be a world league of peace. It is interesting to note that the movement for such a league was started by peace advocates, those who afterward became known as pacifists, but it will be the outcome of the greatest war in history.

While this nation was taking no part in the war and doing its utmost to keep neutral, the advocates of a world peace organization were inculcating their doctrines by speeches, lectures and the distribution of literature. It is doubtful whether their efforts had much effect, although indorsed by many prominent, earnest people.

A world peace league is promised as one of the results of war; it is so declared by the two most conspicuous men of the war today. If it can be accomplished it will be a most important outcome of the war, and at this time is about the only great result which can be safely predicted.

A world weary of war will welcome any agreement which might prevent another such cataclysm as that we are passing through.

In the early stages of discussion the world peace league met opposition from those in this country who feared that it meant embroilment in old world affairs and that it would sacrifice our Monroe doctrine. Whether these objections will be raised again cannot be determined until the world peace league takes definite shape at the end of the war.

Trade With Germany.

While the discussion is going on as to whether our people will trade with Germany after the war, perhaps an excerpt from the speech of Senator Kenyon of Iowa would be interesting reading:

"Who will buy German goods after the war?" he asked. "Who wants anything in his home made by the same hands that have shot poor little children and women of Belgium; hands that have bayonetted women and carried away as relics parts of women's breasts? Who wants any utensils made by those who have carried women and children into exile; who have blown up the homes of the people in northern France; who have sent women and children down into the seas with the hellish torpedo and submarine; who have shelled boats in which people were trying to escape from their devilish work; who have let drop the murderous bomb upon hospitals where men were already living in pain; who have blotted out from the sky, contrary to all edicts of warfare, poor men and their families? Who wants anything made by the outlaw? Let her take her products to hell. That is the only place she would find a market."

Senator King of Utah is a Democratic senator who wants to return to what was once the good old Democratic faith. "The people in theory pass their power to the congress," he said in the senate, "and congress passes the power over to the president, executive departments, commissions and bureaus. If we continue our present program there will be no more great captains of industry. We have chloroformed the energies of the people. States have been debauched and bribed by appropriations of the federal government."

"Have we as Democrats," said King later, "departed from the faith of the fathers of our party? Since I returned to congress I have been amazed to find so many heresies and isms prevailing."

As to Railroad Control.

The real fight over government control of railroads will come on the proposition of surrendering such control after the war. The opponents of government ownership will propose that the railroads shall be restored to the owners after the war closes, either in six months or a year.

Doubt is expressed whether such an amendment can be made to the railroad bill in view of the tendency toward government control of everything. Open advocates of government ownership of all public utilities are urging the continued control of the railroads regardless of war. Those who oppose government ownership are looking forward to a hard fight to secure a provision in the railroad bill which will turn the roads back to the owners after the war.

It was only a few years ago—between 1905 and 1909, to be exact—that an antismoke law was vigorously enforced in Washington. After March 4, 1909, it was disregarded, but previous to that time there was every indication that bituminous coal would be driven out of the capital.

But how different now! Our fuel administrators have laid heavy hands on anthracite coal; they have decreed that only persons having ancient latrobes, more ancient base burners, and the almost unused hot-air heating plant, shall be permitted to use anthracite coal.

The result has been the extensive use of bituminous coal and volumes of black smoke pour forth from thousands of chimneys, blackening the sky and covering the fine white buildings of Washington with soot. This is "darker Washington."

The Roosevelt Days.

The casual reader will note the dates 1905 and 1909. In those days "Theodore the First" reigned supreme in Washington. Roosevelt made "smokeless Washington" one of his particular fads and he caused many a fine to be imposed upon corporations which used soft coal and thereby created a smudge, which was very obnoxious to the president.

It would make "Teddy" blink and express himself—which means an eruption of words—if he could see how the beautiful buildings of Washington are being "limned darkly against the sky" with the smoke which enshrouds the national capital.

Here is a story told in the speech of Senator Kenyon of Iowa recounting his experiences in France which makes the heart beat quicker. It was in regard to the landing of the "Rainbow division," those sturdy Americans from nearly every state in the Union. The people were all assembled at this unnamed port, for they knew the Americans were coming. The band played the "Marseillaise." On the dock were a mother and her little girl, the mother trying to explain and answer questions. There were shouts of "Les Americains! Les Americains!" Then the little girl comprehended and said:

"Oh, mother, they have come to save us!"

"It is a great thing," remarked Senator Kenyon, "to have a part in saving a nation like France."

"Fathers" Made One Error.

Always in debates involving Constitutional questions great admiration is expressed for the wisdom of the makers of the Constitution. Reverently they are referred to as "the fathers," especially by those who believe that the fundamental law—one of great compromises, to be sure—should not be changed. But it has become quite a common thing to change the Constitution during these later years. Two important changes have been made within a few years, the income tax amendment and the election of senators by direct vote of the people. Within a short time, it seems certain, there will be two other important amendments, prohibition and woman suffrage.

With all their wisdom there was one thing that the fathers did not know; they did not know that the people would be more stable, less inclined to change, and more conservative than the representatives of the people.

For example, it is very doubtful whether the prohibition and woman suffrage amendments could be adopted if submitted to a vote of the people of the several states instead of to the legislatures of the states.

The fathers believed that the chosen representatives of the people would be slow to make changes and could be trusted better than the people, hence they provided that the people could have no direct voice in changing the fundamental law of the land.

Developed in Debate.

These facts were developed during the woman suffrage debate. Several times it was shown that the legislatures were favorable to woman suffrage and had submitted the question again and again, but woman suffrage was defeated by the people. "The only way we can get woman suffrage is by a federal amendment," was the tenor of several speeches, "because," it was explained, "our legislatures will vote to ratify, but our people will not vote for woman suffrage."

Along this same line it was observed that a large majority of representatives in the house from states that had voted down suffrage voted in favor of the amendment.

The late Augustus P. Gardner was really the senior "son-in-law." He came into prominence when he was elected to the Fifty-seventh congress to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of William H. Moody, whom President Roosevelt appointed secretary of the navy.

Gardner blossomed into notoriety as the son-in-law of Senator Lodge. The Massachusetts senator was at that time the second man in the nation or account of his relations with President Roosevelt. Naturally every mention of this bright young man included the words, "he is the son-in-law of Senator Lodge." It was galling to Gardner, although he was a great admirer of the person he frequently referred to as "my respected father-in-law." But the fact remains that Gardner was the "senior son-in-law."

Longworth, "First President."

Whatever may be the position of Nicholas Longworth as a son-in-law, and he claims to be the first president of the "son-in-law club" Gardner was his senior so far as Washington public life is concerned. Gardner had felt the handicap of being the son-in-law of a great man long before Nick had wooed and won Alice Roosevelt as his bride. But the "fierce light which beats upon a throne," naturally brought Longworth into prominence, especially as the son-in-law of such a man as Theodore Roosevelt.

There were many jokes passed back and forth in Washington about sons-in-law, but it is a fact that both Gardner and Longworth had ability enough to stand on their own merits and both won positions of prominence in the house.

The Inevitable Exception.

Old Bjones—My son, early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Young Bjones—How about the owl? He's considered the wisest bird, and yet he stays up all night.

Current Wit and Humor

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

It was an old situation. Mother went through the pantry, and found that son had been at the layer cake. She sighed, assumed her severe look, and went back into the living room.

"Robert," she said, "didn't I tell you not to touch that cake without asking permission? And didn't I tell you that you couldn't have any cake just before meal time?"

"Yes'm."

"Then why did you take some cake without asking permission?"

"Because I wanted some cake just before meal time."

His argument was flawless, whatever is said about his obedience.

A Busy Line.

"Central, how much longer must I wait to get 4476 Juniper?"

"How long have you been waiting?"

"About ten minutes."

"Judging from the kind of conversation I heard the last time I 'listened in,' there's an engagement ring at 4476 Juniper that is about to be returned. You may have to wait an hour."

Vocally Overzealous.

"Is Biggins patriotic?"

"Yes, but not always with judgment. He insists on singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' no matter how he makes it sound."

PROBABLY NOT

"I think we could be very happy together."

"But do you think we could be as happy as we could apart?"

Different.

"He can't get blood from a turnip,"
When a collector calls, says Will,
But the persistent mosquito can
When he presents his bill.

Suitable Place.

"I should think they could easily raise chickens on board ship."

"What are you talking about?"

"Aren't there hatchways convenient and doesn't a ship often lay to?"

Paradoxical Assertion.

"Why does Jims sit so long in the park?"

"Because he says he has a right to sit there as long as he pleases, and he intends to stand up for his rights."

True Sign.

Friend—That's a wide-awake looking man I met coming out of your office.

Doctor—Yes; I'm treating him for insomnia.

Exactly.

"There is one odd thing about hot competition."

"What is that?"

"How it freezes out competitors."

Proving It.

He—My friend says he is very fond of animals.

She—I should think so from the way I had to help him to our roast lamb.

The Language.

"I see where the firm of Rags & Tags is going up."

"Yes; I'm sorry they're going under."

By Slow Degrees.

"Do you really enjoy Camembert cheese?"

"I'm eating it as a matter of discipline. If I can learn to like it maybe I'll get so I can stand a cold-storage egg."

Unappreciated.

The Victim—You said you could give my hair an artistic cut and you've made me look like a wild man."

The Tonsorial Artist—I fear you know nothing of art. I'm an insurgent.